Not So Platonic

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/35561884.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
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Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Dead Poets Society (1989)

Relationship:
Charlie Dalton/Neil Perry

Characters:
Charlie Dalton, Neil Perry (Dead Poets Society)

Additional Tags:
Kissing, Idiots in Love, Obliviousness, Crushes, Smut, Grinding, Hand Jobs, Implied Oral, help these tags will be the death of me

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2021-12-07 Words: 3,011 Chapters: 1/1

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by orphan_account

Summary

Charlie and Neil had been kissing each other since they were kids. It was purely just a friendly thing - girls did it all the time, so why shouldn't they?
That mindset persisted until high school, and it stuck until one fateful night in the woods, when things quickly strayed from whatever semblance they had of "friendliness"beforehand.

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These losers are so oblivious it's painful! Oh my god! But hooray for my first semi-smut, I had too many conversations on what word to use for penis for me to wimp out on posting this.

Mazel Tov, boys. Mazel Tov.

Notes

This is my first smut (within the dps fandom at least, but I hadn't written smut for months before this so it might as well be my first rodeo yeehaw) !! AAAA have fun reading this I had 13 screaming breakdowns during this I got so flustered woot woot

See the end of the work for more notes

Charlie and Neil had been friends for years upon years upon years. Since they were seven or eight, for sure. Maybe even a little bit earlier than that. With friendships as long as that, there tended to be some weird aspects to whatever relationship the two people had going on. They inevitably knew some weird things about each other, and usually there's some deep, weird secret that they've both vowed to never speak of. That's just how long lasting friendships work, and there are very few exceptions.

Unsurprisingly, Neil and Charlie are not exceptions. They also have many, *many* secrets between them that no one else will ever know - some of them unknown even to the rest of the Dead Poets. It's just how their friendship works.

Neil and Charlie, aside from their deeply hidden past secrets, had a more… current secret. One that was more just-between-them than any other secret they had ever had.

They kissed sometimes.

It was purely just in a friendly way. They'd been exchanging little pecks with each other since they were kids. Younger girls kissed each other all the time, so why shouldn't they do it too? It made perfect sense to the two 2nd graders, and they made a habit out of kissing one anothers cheek when saying hello or goodbye. Their parents had thought it was cute at first, but when the behavior persisted into later grades, they swiftly made a stop to it, not wanting to "raise their children to be gay." Neil and Charlie agreed to quit, but… they didn't.

Like, not even at all.

They just got more discreet about it, really. The hello kisses were saved for when they were away from everyone else, the goodbye kisses were hidden in handshakes or subtle winks. Because, for real and for true, they saw no reason to stop. It was just a part of their friendship, plain and simple. Nothing romance-y about it. Nope, nada, goose egg.

The kisses continued into high school. They shared a dorm in freshman year, and that made their kisses much easier. They were able to have good morning kisses, goodnight kisses, 'wanna study together?' kisses, 'see you after class' kisses, 'let's head to breakfast' kisses, and sometimes they kissed just because they could. It was weirdly freeing, having their own private area. The kisses weren't

always on the lips, either. They had cheek kisses, forehead kisses, hair kisses, hand kisses, nose kisses, eskimo kisses, knuckle kisses, on and on. It was just how they worked, and they were happy with it.

To their dismay, they didn't originally share a dorm in sophomore year. Neil ended up rooming with Meeks, but they were able to convince the ginger to switch with Charlie, who was rooming with Pitts. Meeks was perfectly content to move, since he and Pitts worked together on so many science projects together. Neil and Charlie achieved another year of privacy and kisses, and they utilized it happily.

But once again, it wasn't romantic. Completely platonic kisses.

Then junior year came, and Neil got roomed with Todd. Charlie felt very thrown off. After two years of rooming with Neil, to suddenly be sleeping in the same room as Cameron felt immensely weird. But Charlie didn't know Todd well enough to feel comfortable asking for him to switch rooms - plus, it would be downright cruel to make a newbie pair with Cameron as a roommate. So, Charlie let it be, and he and Neil were back to their secretive kisses like they used to do during elementary and middle school. In a way, it was fun; a little adventure every time their lips locked, checking their surroundings to make sure they were completely alone, less they face the wrath of the school's pastor.

They'd kiss in the library when they went to go look for books together, often planning on working with one another on a history or english project. They'd reach the farthest back part of the library where books were in desperate need of dusting and kiss until they were both breathless. Neil would often be the one to goad Charlie back there - he'd claim they needed to make up for what kisses they couldn't have during the day, and proceed to grab Charlie by his shirt collar and kiss him until he was dizzy.

They'd kiss next to the lake while the sun set, brilliant oranges and yellows streaking across the cloudy sky, stars peeking out among the dark blue that stained the opposite horizon. They sit on the dock, their blazers abandoned on the wood as they kiss feverishly, knowing that any moment someone could walk by and see them. Charlie would grasp Neil's face and Neil would hold onto Charlie's shoulders like a lifeline, and as the weather got colder and night crept upon them, Neil will ask if they should head back yet, and Charlie only every answered with a kiss, holding them close like it's the last time they'll ever touch each other.

They'd kiss in the forest, falling behind the rest of the Poets in favor of kissing softly in the dying light of the fire, their hands freezing and faces colder. They'd hold each other close, their bodies warming one another up as snow fluttered down outside. They couldn't ever stay there for very long though, knowing their friends would be concerned if they turned around and didn't see the last two Poets at least 30 feet behind them.

But still, completely platonic. A friendly thing. Nothing more, nothing less.

Tonight there was a Dead Poets meeting. They read poetry, they told horror stories, they laughed, and they danced around the fire until their legs were too tired to stand up straight. The Poets talked until owls hooted and coyotes howled and yipped outside, and the cold was nearly unbearable. Only until their fingertips turned blue did they consider heading back to the school, and Charlie and Neil sent each other a knowing look.

"I'll clean up," Neil said, gesturing to the remains of the food they had brought that all sat on the floor. "You guys can all head back."

Charlie perked up. "I'll help you out, Neil."

Todd raised his eyebrow at the two boys. "Are you sure? We can just pick it up next time, there's no need for you guys to stay behind."

Neil laughed softly. "We say that every time, Todd. We'll just pick up most of it before it gets too cold for us to come out here."

Todd nodded. "That's fair. Well, we'll catch you later then?" He turned to the rest of the Poets, who all shook their heads in agreement.

Neil smiled. "Yep. See you in a bit."

"See you," the remaining Poets spoke in their own individual tandems, and then they were off, the cold grass crunching under all the pairs of shoes as they departed. There was a beat of silence, and Charlie side eyed Neil.

"Are we actually gonna clean?" Charlie asked slowly, and Neil

shrugged, a small smile on his face.

“Yeah, at least a little bit. But first, come here.”

Charlie eagerly moved to Neil, and their lips swiftly locked in a soft kiss. Neil hummed happily, his fingers moving to slide up through Charlie’s soft hair. Charlie sighed, and tilted his head, deepening the kiss. Neil pulled him closer, backing Charlie up against the cave wall. The shorter brunette gasped when his back met the cold stone, and goosebumps rose on his skin. His hands travelled down over Neil’s side, slipping under his coat and drifting over his dress shirt. The only thing separating Charlie’s hands from Neil’s freckled skin was that thin piece of fabric, and for a moment, Charlie wondered what exactly would happen if he unbuttoned his best friend's shirt and allowed his kisses to wander. To traverse along Neil’s jaw, along his neck, along his chest, and lower, and *lower-*

Charlie’s face was burning red as his mind conjured up images he had, admittedly, thought about multiple times before. His hands wavered for a moment as they made their slow trail along Neil’s torso, his thumbs brushing against the buttons on the other boy's shirt. Charlie wanted to take it off.

Neil then pulled away, leaving Charlie dazed against the cave wall. His face was flushed, and he stepped back. Charlie caught his breath, and had to push away the thoughts from earlier. The kisses were strictly platonic. No romance, no more than just what they were. Harmless, innocent kisses. Nothing more, nothing less.

Neil vaguely motioned to the food on the floor.

“Cmon, let’s actually pick up a little bit.”

Charlie and Neil took a few minutes to focus on picking up the assorted scraps of food. The rolls and other bread items they just tossed outside, but the couple of drink bottles or wrappers they used for sandwiches got grabbed and shoved into their coat pockets. It had been around 15 minutes since the rest of the Poets left, and Neil straightened up, brushing his hands off. He looked at Charlie, who was very clinky due to the multiple glass bottles that were held within his pockets. Neil giggled at the sight.

“Ready to go?”

Charlie nodded. “Ready when you are.”

They began their trek through the forest, the cold air making them shiver. The grass crunched softly under their feet as they followed the worn path back to the school. On the way back, there was a thick path of large, large oak trees that cast deep, dark shadows across the already dark forest. As they crossed through this spot, Neil laced his fingers with Charlie's, his hand cold, but steadily warming up as they kept contact. Charlie smiled, and jokingly tugged Neil into a twirl. Neil laughed, and allowed himself to be spun around as they continued to walk.

"You're such a dork," Neil smiled. Charlie smiled back, though as they strolled into a darker patch, he wasn't sure if Neil could even see him.

"Yeah, but I'm your dork."

Neil paused in his steps, and Charlie worried if he had said something wrong. But Neil hadn't let go of his hand. Charlie was confused.

"You okay, Neil?" Charlie asked tentatively. Neil took a deep breath.

"Kiss me, Charlie."

Charlie was never one to refuse Neil.

He did kiss him. He pulled him close and pressed their lips together like they'd done a million times before, but now there was something different. Neil had a ferver to him, an excitement that had never really been there before. Neil's hands wandered, from Charlie's face to his jacket to his arms, until he locked his fingers in the boy's belt loops and kept them anchored together, their hips grinding together for a mere moment. Charlie's breath hitched as a pulse of pleasure crawled up his spine. He gasped into Neil's mouth, not expecting the contact. Neil directed them over to a tree, pressing Charlie up against the rough bark, his hands detaching from his belt loops in favor of curling over Charlie's hips to his backside, and *gripping.* Charlie choked on a noise, his hands scrambling for purchase along the tree trunk.

This was new. This was incredibly new and it was definitely straying from platonic.

"Neil-" he barely got out, but his mouth slammed shut when said boy pressed their hips together again. Charlie's head fell back against the tree, and he found he didn't really care if this was platonic anymore, it felt *good.*

"I've been thinking a lot, Charlie," Neil spoke casually, as if he hadn't

just reduced his best friend of nine years to complete shambles against a tree in the middle of the woods. Charlie panted, unable to formulate a coherent response as Neil began pressing sloppy kisses down his neck, nipping softly when he felt like it. Neil continued. “Maybe our parents were right about this kissing stuff raising us to be gay. But, I gotta admit,” his hand moved to palm at the front of Charlie’s pants, making him groan softly, “I don’t think I mind, considering how damn pretty you look like this.”

Neil had been possessed by a sex demon and was using its sex demon powers against Charlie. Surely that was the only explanation as to why this was happening. Surely.

“Wh- what?” Charlie managed to grit out, his eyelashes fluttering and hips pressing against Neil’s hand, desperate for the contact, desperate to feel more. Neil nipped at Charlie’s collarbone, and the shorter of the two whimpered, and he looked down at Neil, his face flushed.

“You can’t lie to me, Charlie,” Neil practically purred, and Charlie wondered where his best friend had been hiding this side of him their entire lives. “I know you like me back. I see the way you look at me, and considering how long we’ve known each other, I can tell when you’re harboring a crush for someone.”

Charlie blushed a deep red, and wanted to bite back a retort, but was stopped when Neil managed to get a grip on him through his pants, and Charlie’s mind went blank. He gasped for air as Neil began to slowly move his hand back and forth, and wondered if this was really happening. Neil straightened up, peering down at Charlie, and pressed their lips together. Charlie felt wholly helpless against Neil, his hips shuddering with every touch, his hands grasping deftly at Neil’s jacket, his face red and heart beating and skin pulsing with an energy he’s never felt before. He wanted more. He *needed* more. More Neil, more pleasure, more anything at all.

Suddenly though, Neil stopped. His hands stopped moving, he pulled away from the kiss, and smiled his stupid little innocent grin down at Charlie - a complete mess compared to Neil, who was perfectly composed. Charlie looked up at Neil with a confused and desperate expression.

Huh?

“C’mon, Dalton,” Neil whispered, pressing his forehead against Charlie’s. Charlie attempted to move his hips just a little bit, but Neil

kept him anchored in place. “Admit you have a crush on me.”

Charlie bit the inside of his cheek. Neil was right. Neil was *always* right. He had had a crush on Neil since middle school, and only just now, with hickies forming on his neck, and Neil leaning over him in the middle of the goddamn *woods,* was he finally accepting that.

“Yeah, I-“ he choked out, and he could sense Neil’s grin. “I like you.”

Neil reacted immediately. He pressed swift kisses along Charlie’s neck, his hand began moving once more. Charlie groaned, and tears of pleasure pricked in his eyes. He felt close. He felt really really *close.*

“You like me?” Neil hummed, his fingers easily unbuttoning Charlie’s pants. Charlie nodded his head up and down, and a moan escaped him when he felt Neil’s warm, *warm* hand on him through his underwear.

“I- *ngh*- I like you a- a lot, Neil. So- *ah*- so, so much!”

Charlie had made out with some girls in the past. He had felt a few girls up, gotten a little bit of action, but this wasn’t like that at all. Pleasure thrummed under his skin in ways he had never felt before, and he couldn’t tell if it was because he was doing this with a boy, or because he was doing it with Neil. He didn’t entirely care about the logistics, though, since he was about two seconds from ruining his underwear.

“Neil,” he whimpered, his hips twitching, “‘m close. *Neil.”*

Neil bit more along Charlie’s neck and shoulders, and he knew for a fact he wouldn’t be able to cover this up. But he didn’t care. He didn’t care one bit.

“Neil,” he croaked, tears blurring his eyes as the pleasure grew to be too much.

“C’mon, Dalton,” Neil whispered, “come pretty for me.”

That was Charlie’s breaking point. His hips stuttered, his throat caught on a moan, and he stilled completely. Neil continued to pepper kisses along Charlie’s neck as he slowly regained his composure. As the fog from his brain dispersed slightly, Charlie noticed an insistent pressure against his hip, and flushed deeply as he realized that while he had been essentially falling apart against a tree, Neil had been neglected the entire time.

“Uh-“ Charlie coughed, suddenly feeling very awkward. “What about- what about you, Neil?” He asked softly, his face burning. Neil shrugged, and kissed Charlie’s forehead as he easily zipped up and rebuttoned the boys pants.

“I’m fine, Charlie. Let’s head back.”

Charlie didn’t like the sound of that at all. Not even a little bit. Neil moved to step away, but Charlie grabbed his arms, his legs still feeling slightly like jelly.

“No!” Charlie blurted, and Neil turned back, a slightly amused expression on his face. Charlie hesitated, but continued after a moment of silence.

“I wanna- I wanna do something for you. To make it fair.”

Neil grinned. “Make it fair, huh, Dalton?”

Charlie nodded, and he felt a small pulse of arousal rush through his body. Neil hummed in acknowledgment, and tapped at the ground with his foot, seeming to examine the area. Charlie’s eyebrows furrowed, but his face flushed *red* when Neil spoke again, a self-satisfied grin on his face.

“The ground here is pretty soft. How’dyou feel about getting your pants dirty?”

Charlie’s mouth went dry. “I- I don’t mind.”

Neil nodded, and began unbuckling his belt. He eyed Charlie, and gestures to the ground.

“Go on, then. Make it fair.”

By the time they returned to the dorms, Charlie’s pants were ruined with grass stains, his neck was covered in hickies, his underwear was positively unwearable, and his shoelaces had somehow come untied. Neil looked totally normal, if you ignored the *very* smug smile he had on his face.

So. The kisses weren’t really platonic, after all. But Charlie didn’t mind. He didn’t mind one bit. Not when all their kisses were now accented with a soft “love you, dork.” He didn’t mind that at all.

End Notes

Ahaha ty for sticking around if you did! If you comment I'll try to respond to it as soon as I can! <33

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